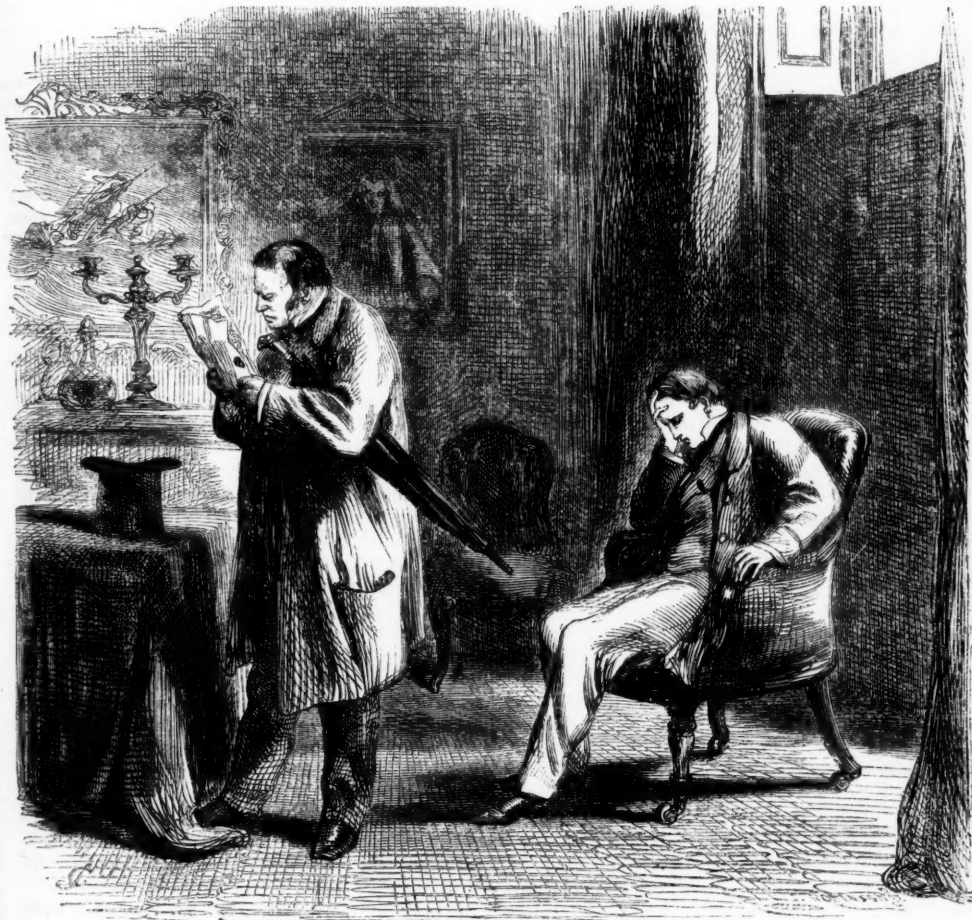


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



RALPH DRAPER MAKES AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

RALPH DRAPER;

OR, THE BLIGHT OF COVETOUSNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK LAYTON," "THE CITY AHEAD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—RETROSPECT CONCLUDED.

A FEW years passed away, and then it came to be noticed that Mark Eveleigh, the banker, was altered in look, manner, temper, and in much beside. Some said that he was getting old apace; and yet

they wondered how it could be, for he was not five-and-twenty years older than his son; and Frank was barely twenty-five. "Twenty-five and twenty-five added together make but fifty, and you can't call that old," said a frolicsome barber of sixty-two, as he talked about the alteration in the looks of the banker, who had just passed by as the barber was operating on a customer's chin.

The barber was right; it was not old age that

brought about the stooping gait, the troubled eye, and the trembling hand. It was not old age either which made Mark Eveleigh absent in mind when present in body with his son, or with his friend Ralph Draper, or with Grace; which sometimes caused the tears to start from his eyes when he earnestly gazed upon Frank; which made him irritable with his clerks without apparent cause—he who had always, until so lately, been an indulgent employer; which, above all, rendered him so reserved to Frank, when Frank, in the strong and confiding affection of his young heart, begged to know the cause of his father's grief, and to share it.

The cause of this mystery—for it was a mystery for many weeks and months—became known at last. Mark Eveleigh died—died suddenly—not by his own hand, however, as was first surmised, but, as others more correctly affirmed, of a broken heart. He died poor; his wealth had vanished. In his desire to increase that wealth (not for himself, but for the son whom he doted on), he had rashly and secretly speculated. Thousands and tens of thousands had in a short time passed from his hands never to return. His essential uprightness had been duped by the craft of knaves. Their plausible schemes had failed (did they not mean them to fail?), and they had vanished. And while Mark Eveleigh lay dead and yet unburied, a penitent letter to Frank—found in the banker's private desk, and inscribed, "To be opened after my decease"—revealed the secret.

It was two days after Mark Eveleigh's death when Frank found the letter. It was well, perhaps, that his manly sorrow for the loss of his father was so strong as to render him almost insensible to the second and lighter blow—almost, but not entirely; for he began to see, even then, how dark the future was to him. In a few weeks more he was to have claimed Grace Draper as his wife. Preparations had been made; and but for the strange reluctance of his father to enter on the subject—a reluctance too evidently explained now—the very day for the nuptials would have been fixed. But now—

While thinking of this lightly, and of his father with a swollen heart, every throb of which told only of unextinguishable love, Ralph Draper came in. He had been in many times before. He had hastened, at Frank's distracted summons, when Mark Eveleigh was found in his bed lifeless, and with his sympathy had offered his assistance to the bereaved young man. The offer had been gratefully accepted, and Ralph Draper had spent more of his time, during those two days, at the late banker's private residence, than in his own counting-house. So there was nothing strange or unexpected in his appearance now. Neither was it strange that Frank (confiding and unsuspecting as he was) should place the letter he had just found, in the hands of his friend and Grace's father. Ralph Draper uttered an exclamation of surprise when he came to the disclosures of the letter; but he read it through slowly and carefully, word by word. By this time his cheeks were blanched, and his lips also.

"You are ill, my dear sir," said Frank, in alarm, as he noted the sudden change.

"I am—that is, I feel utterly staggered, Frank; I shall be better presently: but this dreadful news!" he gasped, rather than spoke.

"I think but little of that," said Frank, with tears in his eyes; "the greater sorrow swallows up the less."

"True, true," said the other, hastily; "but we must think what is to be done."

"There will be time enough to think of that when my poor father is buried," sobbed Frank; and he laid his head down on his hands, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears, which escaped in burning streams between his fingers. When he recovered himself, Ralph Draper was gone.

Gone! and whither think you, reader? You cannot say, you would not guess. Ten minutes afterwards, he was in his own counting-house, closely shut in, looking with keen scrutinizing eyes at his bank-book, and casting up figures—and casting up again, to see that he had accurately done it the first time. Let it reveal this man's secret character, that he found he had made an error in that first reckoning of a few pence, and that he went over the calculation a third time, carefully altering the sum total.

"I thought so," said he to himself; "two hundred and fifty-three pounds in his hands. I am not going to lose it: a pretty fool I should be then! I'll see about it at once. A lucky thing Frank showed me that letter. It must be all ended between him and Grace, though; of course, he will see it in that light; but if he doesn't, I must for him."

An hour later, Ralph Draper was at the bank, which was necessarily kept open, though of course little business comparatively could be transacted until after the funeral.

"A sad event this, Mr. Nelson," said he to the head clerk—"a sad event—this sudden death of poor Eveleigh, I mean. I wouldn't be troubling you now, but I have immediate—" the lie stuck in his throat, as Mr. Nelson afterwards reported, but it did not remain there long—"immediate need for a rather heavy amount, so I have brought a cheque for—"

Mr. Nelson looked keenly for a moment, first at Ralph Draper, then at the cheque, then back again at Ralph. But he did not speak. For a moment the merchant quailed beneath that keen glance; but he soon recovered his self-possession.

"You will find that to be a little under the balance in hand at present," he said.

"Very well, sir; it is of no consequence, of course," said the clerk coldly. "How will you have it?"

Mr. Ralph Draper "had it" in notes—Bank of England notes—and gold.

"Scoundrel! viper!" muttered Mr. Nelson to himself, striking his hand upon the counter, when his customer was out of sight and hearing, finding nothing more appropriate to say.

Mr. Nelson understood Ralph Draper better than ever Mark Eveleigh had done: possibly, too, he had grave suspicions of how the case stood with poor Frank, though of course he had never breathed them; and, indignant as he was with Ralph Draper,

he did not trouble Frank Eveleigh with an account of this transaction until after the funeral of his old employer. But when this was over, and Frank had entered on the melancholy duty of sole administrator to his father's estate (for no will could be found), Mr. Nelson confided to the young surviving partner, not only the recent sharp practice of their customer, but the secret which had so many years been buried in his own bosom.

* * * * *

The funeral of his father was no sooner over than Frank Eveleigh, calling in a practised accountant to his assistance, commenced a private but searching investigation into the state of his affairs. The task was not very difficult. Mark Eveleigh had evidently foreseen what was to happen, and had been preparing for it: his private accounts were, in fact, so straightforward and accurate, and were balanced down to so recent a date, that there was comparatively little to do. And thus, a few weeks after his father's death, Frank was in a position to close the business with credit and honour. Every creditor was paid in full, or arrangements were made for payment; the bank was transferred to other hands; Mark Eveleigh's private residence and its furniture were sold; and Frank, instead of being the inheritor of large wealth, and the proprietor of a prosperous money-making establishment, found himself in temporary lodgings in G—, and knew that his salvage from the wreck of his father's affairs was something under two hundred pounds.

While these investigations and arrangements were going on, it may be supposed that Frank Eveleigh had but little time to give to the softer concerns of courtship. His heart, also, was sad and sore, for he was learning a hard lesson which he had never thought of before—I mean that lesson which teaches about *summer friends*. He was quick of apprehension, and susceptible also; and he could but perceive the embarrassment and coldness of Ralph Draper whenever they met, and how the prosperous merchant, as much as he could, avoided meeting him. Nevertheless, Frank did not neglect or forget Grace; and frequently, after the harassing business of the day was over, he took his way to her father's house, to lighten *his* grief in her society, as well as to encourage *her* to hope. He did not conceal from her any one of his discouragements; and let us do Grace Draper justice in saying, that she seemed to cling closer to him in faithful love and true admiration as his path became beclouded and dark. She never thought of retracting her engagement; and when he offered to withdraw his pretensions to her hand, she refused to listen to his words. So, from time to time, they drew bright plans for the future; and though their union must needs be delayed, it mattered not; Grace would wait patiently and hopefully till, from the very foundation, Frank had begun to raise another edifice of prosperity, to replace that which now lay in ruins.

After weeks of toil and anxiety, Frank's business affairs were brought to a close, and he journeyed to London to seek, among his father's correspondents there, some opening for his labour and talents. He was successful: his course had not been unwatched; and a London merchant of high stand-

ing and large property and connections, who had received a favourable history of Frank Eveleigh's honourable conduct from a friend—being none other than the accountant whom Frank had employed—invited him to his home, and offered him responsible employment in his house of business.

Thus far, then, Frank's pathway was cleared, and he wrote to Grace to announce the improvement in his prospects. In reply, he received a letter, not from Grace, but from her father, requiring that all such correspondence should thenceforth cease; saying something about painful inequalities of fortune, which put the idea of marriage utterly and entirely out of the question; hinting, also, that he had other views respecting his daughter; and trusting in his "young friend's own sense of propriety and generosity of heart, to see things in the same proper and business-like light." In conclusion, Ralph Draper requested that if any further intercourse were needed on the subject, which, however, he trusted would not be, that Mr. Francis Eveleigh (as he stiffly and formally addressed the son of his former benefactor) would communicate directly with him.

It was on the day after he had received this epistle that Frank Eveleigh arrived at G— by the London coach; and, after spending a short time at the lodgings he still retained, and waiting till the shades of evening set in, he bent his steps towards, first the counting-house, and then the country house, of Ralph Draper. The reception which awaited him there we have already recorded; and we need not dwell on the agony that followed. It is enough that, on the succeeding day, Frank Eveleigh bade a sorrowful and, as he believed, a final farewell to his birthplace. And, leaving him to the healing influences of time and occupation, we must retrace our steps some six or seven years in the foot-marks of time, and introduce our readers to other scenes.

CHAPTER VI.—THE POOR VICAR.

On the stormy evening of a winter's day, a traveller alighted from a comfortable carriage at the principal inn of an obscure town in —shire. All obsequiousness, the landlord himself ushered the gentleman into what he called the commercial room, though the visits of commercial guests were few and far between.

The traveller's first inquiry was whether he could be supplied with post-horses, to continue his journey to the next town, some ten miles distant.

Alas! no. The only pair of horses the town afforded had returned an hour since, from a long excursion, weary and distressed by bad roads. The landlord was sorry, he said. So was the traveller. He had calculated too surely on reaching his destination that night; but the horses which had conveyed him over the last stage were too jaded to advance further.

By to-morrow morning, the landlord suggested, his horses would be rested, and fit—

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said the traveller, in a tone of decision; "I never travel on Sundays."

What was to be done? The landlord rubbed his hands in seeming perplexity, but modestly hinted at good accommodations. The traveller heard him

in silence; but meanwhile the fire blazed up cheerfully and invitingly in the grate; and, looking round the room, the stranger probably argued within himself that the alternative was not a very painful one. Here was a respectable inn, an attentive host, and a quiet, comfortable fireside; and the delay of a few hours would be, after all, of no urgent consequence. His brow cleared accordingly; and ere long his carriage was safely housed, his portmanteau conveyed into the best bedroom, and he himself enjoying an excellent meal.

"What places of worship have you in the town?" asked the traveller, when the landlord, who officiated as waiter, was clearing away the wreck of the aforesaid meal.

"Places of worship, sir?" said the landlord, dubiously and inquiringly.

"Churches and chapels, I mean."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. Why, there's the parish church—a fine old place: it's the old abbey church; and people come from a distance sometimes to see it. The crypt, especially, is reckoned curious; and there are some old monuments——"

"Exactly; well, and besides the parish church, sir?"

"There's the Unitarian chapel, sir—a very plain place; and the Baptist meeting-house up a yard; and I rather think the Methodists have got a room somewhere."

"Pretty well attended, are they, sir?"

"I can't say, indeed, sir," replied mine host; "but I believe our church parson is reckoned a good preacher, poor man."

"Why do you say 'poor man,' Mr. Barnes?" asked the stranger quickly.

"Well, sir, Mr. Vivian has had a deal of trouble; and if all is true that is said about him, he is likely to have more."

Trouble of what sort? the guest desired to know.

"Of more sorts than one," said Mr. Barnes, brushing down the table; "for one thing, the church living here is a poor living, sir."

"Indeed!"

"The great tithes go to some great man far away, sir: it is only the small tithes that come to the clergyman."

"Mr. Vivian is the vicar, then?"

"Yes, sir; and what with small tithes, Easter dues, and surplice fees, the living is not worth much over a hundred a year."

"A small income, certainly; and the gentleman is married most likely," observed the stranger.

"Has been, sir; and that is one of Mr. Vivian's troubles: his poor lady died about a year ago."

"A widower, then," said the stranger, and sighed deeply. "Any children?—but of course he has, though, poor things! Poor clergymen generally have large families," he remarked.

"As a rule, sir," said the landlord; "but Mr. Vivian has no children now: he had four, sir, when he first came to this town, ten years ago; but they were a sickly family, and they died off one by one, mostly with consumption; Mrs. Vivian died in a consumption too."

The stranger seemed moved.

"And there are other troubles as well, sir," continued the landlord—lingering, perhaps in expectation of some further order, for his guest had taken no wine with or after his late dinner—"it is well known that Mr. Vivian is pretty deep in debt, poor man; and there has been a talk, sir, of the sheriff——"

It was true enough—all too true; and while the landlord of the "Crown" was thus descanting on the troubles of the poor incumbent, and afterwards, when the guest in the commercial room was leisurely sipping his pint of port, the solitary resident at the vicarage was sadly pondering over the past, present, and future, and racking his brains to devise means for warding off the threatened legal proceedings which in a few days might consummate his ruin. He little knew then what reason he had for thankfulness that the only pair of post-horses of which the miserable little town boasted, had been "used up" that day.

The stranger went to church the next morning; and while he could not help noticing the painful depression of the poor vicar, he was struck with his gentlemanly appearance and bearing, as well as with the originality, and talent, and earnestness of his discourse. He attended the afternoon service, and returned thoughtfully to his inn.

On the following day, Mr. Vivian was surprised by a visit from the stranger, whom he had barely observed among his hearers on the previous day. What transpired in that interview was never precisely known; but it was known that ere many days had passed away, the poor vicar had discharged the whole of his debts, and that his solitary home was free from the intrusive visitation of the sheriff's officer.

The benevolence and generosity of the stranger did not rest here. He wisely judged that, to restore the poor divine to a healthy state of mind and renewed usefulness, it was needful for him to remove from the scene of his struggles and heavy bereavements. On his return to his own home, therefore, he first made some inquiries respecting the character of Mr. Vivian; and, having received satisfactory replies, he so exerted himself in his favour that within a few weeks of his visit to —, he had succeeded in procuring for the poor vicar the immediate presentation to a vacant living in a pleasant watering-place.

It may well be supposed that the benefits he had received at the hands of the disinterested stranger were not lost on the grateful heart of the poor clergyman. His first impulse—and he followed it out—was to hasten to that stranger's home, to give in person those heartfelt acknowledgments which merely written words could not convey and express. He was hospitably received and entertained; and a personal friendship was commenced, which was terminated only by the death of the generous benefactor.

This severance occurred after the flight of a few years, when the afflicting tidings reached the rector of S—— that his friend was dead, that his death was sudden, that he died poor, leaving his only son—a young man of promising abilities and amiable disposition—almost entirely unprovided for.

The astounding intelligence roused the solitary rector to action. He hastened to the distant town, while yet half disbelieving the report. It was true, however; his friend and benefactor was dead, his wealth, as it seemed, had died with him, and the son had disappeared from his native place.

That son Mr. Vivian sought and found, depressed indeed by disappointment and grief, yet bravely bearing up against adversity. It was then that the minister of religion felt, more than ever he had felt before, that sorrow and trial have their uses in enabling those who have been exercised thereby to become the consolers and encouragers of others.

The sympathy of the experienced minister was not lost upon the young man, who needed a faithful friend to whom he could confide the story of his griefs; and he could the more readily and unhesitatingly do this, because he was in no need of pecuniary assistance. Notwithstanding his private sorrows, he had begun to carve out for himself a way in the world, which promised, if not a full restoration of his lost fortunes, yet eventual prosperity.

And thus, before they parted, the fatherless mourner had found, in his wise and calm Christian friend, a second father; while the childless Christian pastor had another motive and aim in life added to those which already more than ever exerted their influence—that of watching the course and strengthening the heart of his adopted son. That adopted son was Frank Eveleigh.

EXPERIENCES OF AN AERONAUT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

We wingless bipeds are for the most part painfully ignorant of what is going on in the atmosphere above us. We do not know much about the clouds, and we don't often climb up the rainbow; but as there are persons among us who do occasionally ascend into the atmosphere, their experiences of what is to be seen there are always welcome. Not the least celebrated of the balloonists or aeronauts of the present day is Mr. Lythgoe, through whose kindness I am enabled to give the following particulars.

This gentleman has been accustomed to ascend from one of the suburbs of London, where there are at present two balloons, namely, the "Royal Normandy" and the "Prince of Wales." The former is the largest; she requires about 40,000 cubic feet of gas to fill her, at the cost of about £10; she cannot be properly filled under four hours. The "Prince of Wales" holds about 20,000 cubic feet of gas, costing from £5 to £6, and can be filled in about one hour and a quarter. The balloons are made of the best and toughest silk, woven at Spitalfields, and known as "lute-string," costing 10s. per yard. This silk is carefully covered with an elastic varnish, formed of a mixture of boiled oil and india-rubber. The balloon is confined in a network made of thick cord, of the best Italian hemp; and underneath it is attached the car, made of wicker-work, interwoven with eight strong three-quarter-inch ropes.

When filling the balloon, great care is required,

as, if the sun shines upon the balloon, it expands the gas too suddenly, and it may burst in a moment. When the spectator looks upwards into a balloon filled with gas, it is of a beautiful pinkish red colour, and is an exceedingly pretty sight. Mr. Lythgoe reports that when the balloon gets high up in the air, she appears to be full of a dense smoke; when he is descending, this smoke clears off; and when about three or four hundred yards from the earth, it gets quite clear again. When the aeronaut gets high, this gas is a great nuisance, as it comes rushing out, down into the car, and gets into the throats of the passengers, causing their clothes to smell strongly of it for many days. If a bladder be filled with common air, and taken up, it will burst with a loud report at a certain height; and if a bladder be filled with air at about two miles high, and be brought down again, it will collapse, and become quite flaccid.

Besides the passengers, the balloon carries one five-pronged iron grapnel, made similar to those used by the Royal Humane Society for fishing drowned people out of the water, and which catches hold of trees, hedges, etc., when the descent is about to take place. The grapnel weighs from 13 lbs. to 45 lbs., and it is attached to a line 160 feet long. There is great art in bringing up the balloon without a jerk. Mr. Lythgoe boasts that he can bring up his balloon so gently as "not to break an egg in the bottom of the car." Ballast-bags are also taken up; these are made of canvas, and contain sand as fine as flour; it must be very fine, for a stone, even as large as a pea, would do damage to glass, etc., when falling from the height of two miles or more. The total weight of ballast is about one cwt. The sand must be shaken out gradually; but on one occasion, a nervous passenger having been told to shake it out, he let the whole bag go down bodily. Luckily, it fell in a plantation, and so did no harm. The nervous time for passengers is just when they are off the ground; the car then makes a terrible creaking noise, and the test of courage is to "stand up in the car"—a feat which but few can accomplish. Mr. Lythgoe has been "up above" so many times, that he cares no more about it than getting up into bed.

In order to vary the height of flight, there is a circular valve at the top of the balloon; it is double, and arranged on the principle of a common rat-trap. To this valve a hand-line is attached, which runs down the inside of the balloon, and the aeronaut therefore commands the valve in a moment. It is very important to have ballast in the car when descending, as it may be necessary to rise again suddenly.

When once up, the panorama is magnificent. The great metropolis looks like a cluster of houses that might be inclosed in an eighteen-feet circle. At about two miles high, St. Paul's Cathedral looks so small that it "might be covered by a gill glass;" the Crystal Palace looks "like a small writing-desk," and the two towers by the side of it like "doctors' phial bottles set on end;" the Thames appears to be a very small brook, and can be seen winding away to a great distance, like "a bent stick of silver;" the steamers look like black chips

floating along, and the bridges like logs of wood thrown across the brook. Hyde Park is always a conspicuous object, on account of the Serpentine in it, as well as from its being cut up in all directions with white twisting lines, that is, the walks and roadways. Human beings look about the size of the head of a small pin, and not so large as ants. They are difficult to see, except when several persons are standing together, or when they are on a white surface, such as a dusty road. The cabs and omnibuses look like Barcelona nuts of various sizes; the horses not so big as bees. The turnpike roads make a pretty pattern all over the country; the railways are much straighter, and if there is a long goods train underneath the balloon, it looks like a huge black slug crawling slowly along. Mr. Lythgoe once kept up for some distance with a passenger train; the drivers of the railway engines have found out that they can make their whistles utter a noise like crowing, and they use this as a private means of intercommunication. The driver of the passenger train above mentioned saw the balloon above him, and "crowed up to it," Mr. Lythgoe waving the flag in return for the salute. Noises can be heard at an immense height; the cheering of the people at an ascent can be heard a very long way up, and the sound which ascends from London is like low distant thunder.

The clouds present a curious appearance to the aeronaut; they are like dense volumes of steam. When in among them, it is impossible to see two yards ahead. There is often a breeze in a cloud when there is none outside; some clouds feel cold, and some warm. When up above a dense bank of clouds, the sun is seen shining on them; and as you are looking from above, they appear like many thousand bales of the purest white cotton wool, pulled out quite fine. On one occasion, twelve small balloons were let off at the same moment as the large one, for an aerial race; the large one went fastest, and as she got above a bank of clouds, it was very remarkable to see the little balloons coming popping through one by one. Some of these small balloons were picked up a good way inland in France. When descending fast, the clouds appear to be rushing up as though they were going to smash the balloon, and present a most resplendent and almost unearthly appearance. Mr. Lythgoe has ascended on a dark rainy day, and in five minutes has gone through a layer of clouds half a mile thick, and has found the sun shining up above these clouds, and all bright and beautiful. The setting sun can be seen long after the earth is in darkness.

Mr. Lythgoe was once up in a thunder-storm, when the balloon got alongside a dense black thunder cloud. After a terrible silence, there came an awful flash of blinding lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, which made the car and balloon tremble. There was great danger, as there was an iron grapple and several articles of steel about the balloon; but the passengers providentially escaped without injury. The spectators below saw the balloon as a black object against an illuminated ground, and looked upon the voyagers,

when descending, as something more than mortal. An accident to a balloon from lightning has *never* yet been known. Three years ago, our aeronaut came again near a thunder cloud; the balloon began to rotate violently, but by stopping her progress in ascent, a current took her away. Soon afterwards there was a terrible thunder-storm all over London, which did much serious mischief. Many of these currents are found in high altitudes, and as many as three currents, all going in different directions, have been passed through.

The highest ascent Mr. Lythgoe ever made was two miles and a half. At this height the gas rushes out with great force on to the faces of the passengers in the car. When at this altitude, too, great pressure is felt in the ears, and a crackling noise is experienced. Some people cannot hear till the pocket handkerchief is used. The best way to get rid of the crackling is to give the opening of the ear a good shaking with the finger, as this makes it open again. In order to ascertain the velocity with which the balloon is flying, and whether ascending or descending, a very small bit of paper, the size of a pea, is thrown from the car, and by this device the progress of the balloon is at once seen. Advertisements, in the form of handbills, printed on very light paper, and about four inches square, are sometimes let go at a great height; and quite recently, ten thousand bills of a certain weekly journal were let go, a thousand at a time, and it was very curious to see them go fluttering downwards, like flocks of butterflies. Such bills descend very slowly, and are sometimes in view for half an hour or more. Mr. Lythgoe once overtook a flock of them, still on their downward journey, which he had let go full twenty minutes previously. He has known some bills take three hours to reach the earth.

It is curious to remark the effect which a very great height has upon birds. Some seven or eight pigeons were once turned loose over Millbank Penitentiary, at about a mile and three-quarters high. Finding themselves on the wing, they were greatly perplexed, and instead of going away, flew about near the car, as if for company's sake; at last, they one and all perched up on the hoop of the balloon, and would not be frightened off, until Mr. L. got up into the hoop, and positively drove them away. They then flew about for a few minutes, and at last, closing their wings, descended like lumps of stone down again to the earth.

And now for one of the practical applications of balloons. During the last war, it was suggested that they might be very useful to a general in ascertaining the movements of an enemy, particularly in a mountainous country. Mr. Coxwell, of great celebrity as an aeronaut, has accordingly developed this idea in the "Aërostatic Magazine," published at Tottenham. We find Mr. Coxwell there gives his ideas on the subject, and has engraved a picture of his War Balloon. He says: "It is obvious that from the altitude of the balloon, be it more or less according to the weather, that by the aid of glasses, a vast distance around may be subjected to the minutest scrutiny, and a

constant communication kept up with the authorities in the fortress. Of course, by a preconceived arrangement, each signal will convey any sentence previously agreed upon, and the number of signals may be increased *ad libitum* by variety in their shape and colour."

THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

ROSLIN.

THROUGH a green road of a mile long, bordered with hawthorn hedges, gorse, and broom, we walked towards Roslin. The country gained in beauty at every bend of the path. The abundant woods of Hawthornden gathered in a distant opening, clothed with summer's richest leafage; and presently we came on the edge of the glen, where trees darken the rushing Esk. Sometimes a glimpse of the brown river showed its conflict with masses of scattered boulders, which opposed a stolid yet unavailing resistance to the will of the waters; and a mysterious rumbling noise, increasing as we advanced, we attributed to some rapids or cascades yet invisible. Soon we beheld the prosaic cause—a bleachmill in full action, cleansing soiled linen with the poetic waters of Esk, renowned in song! Valuable as the establishment undoubtedly is, we wished that it had utilized any less distinguished stream.

A finger-post, "To Roslin," conducted us down a narrow path close by the boisterous bleachmill—a group of cottages, and fields of dazzling white linen spread in sunlight—to a small plank bridge over the river. Before us rose a steep bank crested with trees, the red tint of the soil on all perpendicular places where vegetation could not cling. On this peninsula, three sides washed by the Esk, stands the castle. It is a fatiguing scramble to the summit, for late rains have made the path slippery, and we are liable to slide back two steps for each one forward; yet we reach the small postern door, which now admits visitors to the stronghold of the St. Clairs. A mighty yew tree, said to be seven hundred years old, makes a midnight under its wide-spread boughs as we enter. This is the courtyard, now turned into a flower-garden, gay with rocket and sweet-pea, and far-famed for strawberries. Esk sends up its gurgling voice from the ravine below. But our next steps are out of the light into the funereal gloom of the subterranean chambers. A passage seventy feet long, excavated from the solid rock, ends in the huge baronial kitchen; and bed-chambers, which would infallibly give any modern warrior violent rheumatism, also open from it. All these rooms have small circular apertures, through which arrows could be discharged upon assailants. The dungeon is a horrid abyss, into which the prisoner was lowered through a trap-door.

We are glad to get back to upper air and sunbeams; and, sitting awhile in view of the beautiful glen, we try to realize the past history of the place. Its name, Ross-lyn—"a rocky height and a waterfall"—dates back to Gaelic times, before Malcolm

Canmore conferred it upon his Norman ally, William St. Clair, surnamed the Seemly from his pleasing aspect, whose descendants lived here royally, as princes of Orkney. Grose describes the pomp of one of the line in the following terms: "He kept a great court, and was served in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, Lord Fleming his carver; his halls were richly adorned with embroidered hangings. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, clothed in velvets and silks, with chains of gold. She was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went into Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her." Our modern peeresses cannot boast of such attendance. These were the palmiest days of Roslin. It was burned down shortly afterwards, by the carelessness of one of the aforesaid gentlewomen setting fire to her bed; and in the next century the new building shared the same fate, at the orders of Henry VIII's general, the Earl of Hertford. General Monk also besieged it during the Civil Wars; but its death-blow was given by the mob in 1688; and now the triple tier of cavernous apartments above described is all that remains of the ancient castle.

A strife older than any of these has been commemorated in lines so apt, that I must be pardoned for quoting them:—

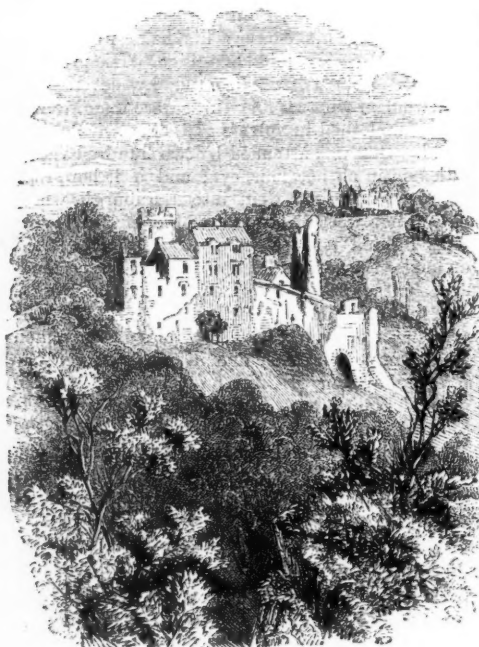
"Three triumphs in one day! three hosts subdued by one!
Three armies scattered like the spray beneath one summer sun!
Who, pausing 'mid the solitude of rocky streams and leafy trees,
Who, gazing o'er this giant wood, could ever dream of these?
Or think that aught would here intrude save birds and humming
bees?"

Which stanzas refer to the triple battle on the moor of Roslin, one spring day in 1302, when the Scots, under their regent Comyn, defeated three divisions of the English successively, though the latter were almost four times their number. But it is difficult to believe, now, that this haunt of solitude and peace was ever visited by sights and sounds of war. What massy copsewood darkens all the dell! What black shadows lie in the pools below!

As we return through the postern, we come to a door bearing over its lintel the inscription, "S. W. S., 1623"—the date of the modern erection and initials of the founder, Sir William St. Clair. Here a private family reside during the summer time. Remains of ponderous walls and archways, formed of red sandstone blocks, attest the olden strength and extent of the fortress. Presently we come to a ravine, cut down through the rock to considerable depth, thus insulating the castle, except for the arch which spans the space. And here the guide paused. Pointing to a small edifice on the brow of the hill before us, just appearing above the trees, "That's the chapel," quoth he.

What! that insignificant, commonplace-looking building? We were not near enough to discern any of its architectural details, and the distant

outline was mean. I confess to no slight feeling of disappointment as I ascended the height, schooling myself to expect nothing. Passing through the village, and through a very shabby lane among dirty cottages, we gained admittance to the inclosure.



ROSLIN CASTLE AND CHAPEL.

Stepping within the doorway, the full splendour of Roslin Chapel burst upon our view. There is nothing to compare it with—a mass of the richest yet chastest ornament, from keystone to flooring. Every window, every pillar, every cornice, every moulding of the roof, every boss at an angle, every canopy and bracket, is diverse from all the rest. A positive bewilderment and fatigue at the profusion and variety of beauty seizes on the beholder. The space is small, compared with Melrose or Kelso Abbey Churches; but within that space lies all that art could concentrate of the loveliest ornamentation. The solidity of the Norman style is enriched with the minute decorations of the florid Gothic.

Descriptions of architecture must necessarily be vague, and almost certainly uninteresting; therefore I shall attempt none of Roslin Chapel. Those who have seen it, know that the inadequate painting of words could never give a true idea of the artistic perfection which charmed them; and those who have yet to see it, would be little the wiser for paragraphs piled with adjectives of admiration. A few of the chief characteristics may be touched upon.

Everybody has heard of "the 'Prentice Pillar," and its tragic legend: how the master mason went to Rome to inspect the original, and during his absence an apprentice successfully carried out the

design; which so enraged the envious master that he slew his pupil with a blow of his mallet. The story is perpetuated on corbels at the west end of the central aisle, where are sculptured the head of the mason, frowning horribly; the beardless face of the 'prentice boy, with a deep cut over his



THE 'PRENTICE PILLAR.

temple; and the mother, weeping beneath her coil. The pillar itself is a bundle of rods bound with a garland of flowers and foliage; you fancy that you might lift off this carven wreath with your fingers, so light and perfect is the sculpture, though somewhat decayed by time. It is to be observed that the material which has worn best in all these carvings is the red sandstone, which seems to be of firmer and more durable texture than the white. Some of the leaves cut in it are freshly outlined as if the chisel were raised from them but yesterday.

The only thing like repetition discoverable throughout the ornamenting of this architectural gem, is the use of the rose in many places; probably as suggestive of the name Roslin. Sir Walter Scott's exquisite ballad of "Rosabelle" speaks of "every rose-carved buttress fair," which is literal fact.

"And here," said the guide, pointing to some engraved slabs in the pavement, "the barons of Roslin are buried; ye see the hounds carved on Sir William St. Clair's tomb. 'I'll just tell ye the reason o' that.'"

"I suppose," interrupted one of the party, "you have never seen the chapel lighted up at midnight, when one of the Rosslyn family dies, as the song says?"

"Ou, that's just ane o' Walter Scott's auld stories," answered the guide, smiling superiorly.

"Ye're no' to b'lieve all he tells. I canna just say I did see it mysel'."

He made amends for his incredulity on this point by relating the legend about the hounds: to the effect that Sir William St. Clair had made a wager with King Robert Bruce, his head staked against the forest of Pentland Moor, that two dogs of his would capture a certain white deer before it crossed a certain stream; and as it plunged therein after a long run, he cried loudly to the hounds by name:—

"Help, Hold! gin ye may,
Or Roslyn tynes his head this day;"

which appeal had the desired effect: the dogs dragged back the deer from the midst of the current, and despatched it. The story was recited in the rapid and unimpassioned tone of a schoolboy getting through a lesson. What elocution can be expected from a man who has to repeat the same thing thousands of times annually? He added the apocryphal piece of information, that Sir William built the chapel in gratitude for his escape. Dates hardly permit this; as the hunt in question occurred about 1320, and Roslin Chapel was not founded till 1446.

In fact, the present building is only the chancel of what was originally intended to be a great collegiate church; and as the St. Clair family were heads of the mason craft, then engrossed by a high and mysterious body of artificers, all the existing talent of the order was brought to bear upon this architecture. The sixteen pillars have all diverse capitals, chiefly of foliage. Here is one encrusted with leaves of the curly kail, perfect as you may have seen it on spring mornings, with rime on its crisped edges; here is another composed of trefoils, bending and drooping like any living vegetation. The guide passes a straw through the basket-work capital of a third, to prove how every rib of the twined willow-wands stands apart in the stone. A fourth is crested with the hartstongue fern; and behold! aloft in a crevice under the roof grow a few sprays of the real plant, as if to attest the accuracy of the model. Oak-leaves, fronds of other graceful ferns, and flower blossoms, are abundant. The very spirit of the woods seems to have penetrated the artist, as he perpetuated their foliage.

Architraves connect the pillars with the side walls, each bearing in relief the embodiment of some story. Isaac lying bound upon the altar, Samson rending the lion, and pulling down the idol temple upon his persecutors, the magi paying homage to the Babe of Bethlehem—are among the Scripture scenes. Emblematical groups of the seven virtues and seven vices are pointed out severally by the guide's long wand. It requires some imagination to perceive what he says exists, in a few instances, for the envious tooth of time has been busy. Among a collection of angels is noteworthy one chubby cherub playing the bagpipes: truly a Celtic carving.

The eastern end of the chapel, where formerly stood the altar, is raised off as the burying-place of the Earls of Rosslyn. Near it a flight of broken steps descends to a subterranean vestry and confessional, containing many niches and recesses,

formerly filled with altars and statues. The threshold of the door through which we pass to the exterior is worn by the hoofs of Cromwell's troop of horse, stabled here once during his Scottish campaign, and who were more tolerant than usual of the beauty of the building.

One might pass a day in close inspection of this exterior, and yet be neither wearied nor satiated. One wishes for a glass-case to shut it in from the weather—to keep off beating rain and boisterous winds from all the delicate carving. Buttresses and flying arches, pinnacles of every device, bracket pedestals, canopies—the whole building is covered with rich chasing. Flowers wreath upon the mouldings of the arches; waterspouts, in the form of animals, carry the rain from the roof. A frieze of St. Sebastian pierced with arrows by Roman soldiers, and of the giant Christopher carrying a child on his shoulder, adorn the doorways. A few feet of the northern transept wall project at one end, unfinished as the workmen left it four centuries ago. Above, on a pinnacle, was clustering a brown swarm of bees, freshly dislodged from some gude-wife's hive.

Standing by the boundary wall, which looks over the deep vale of the Esk, I knew where the artificer had gotten his inspiration for the adornment of this beautiful building. Far below, all around, surged the wide woods of Hawthornden: innumerable whisperings of leaves filled the sunny air: and the loveliness of nature, in the grandest masses and the minutest details, is the inexhaustible fount of the loveliness of art.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

AT no period of English history were political tergiversation and corruption carried to a more scandalous pitch than during the last half of the past century. The epoch of the Revolution, with all its political double-dealing, the party intrigues of the first, and even the undisguised venality of the second quarter of the century, had something redeeming in their objects and effrontery, when compared with the utter profligacy and baseness of the later scheming era. Corrupting, plotting, betraying, defrauding, plundering, selling soul and body to dishonour and bribery, were the concomitants of mock patriotism and dissoluteness, beyond the possibility of decent language to describe. A crisis had arrived. Human patience could endure no farther. Unhappily, in France the reaction destroyed itself in bloodshed and horrors more atrocious and terrible than the evils, however oppressive and grievous, against which the hostility was at its commencement provoked. A few years of demon abominations and desolating fury dispelled the illusion into which the glowing principles and prospects of universal progress had plunged so many speculative and enthusiastic minds; but the time was hardly come for the votaries to confess that if the disease was afflicting, the remedy was murderous.

At this inauspicious epoch, distinguishing him-

self by his superior talents from his associate ranks, rose Sir James Mackintosh; well educated, intended for the medical profession, but relinquishing it for the study of law, and (for a season) the law itself leaving, in order to devote himself to a political career. Before the "Edinburgh Review" constellation appeared, he had come to London, and besides contributions to the "Courier" newspaper (to whose proprietor he was nearly related), wrote or assisted in several publications advocating the cause of the French democracy. The crown of this pamphleteering was his celebrated "Vindicia Gallicæ," a defence of the Revolution, in which he measured strength with no less formidable an adversary than Edmund Burke. The great ability displayed in this work attracted much attention, and it must be presumed led to some patronage, and a different direction of the powers of the applauded author. He lectured on the British constitution as professor at Lincoln's Inn; he pronounced the famous defence of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte in the "Ambigu" journal; and was appointed to the Recordship of Bombay. This office was with some difficulty squeezed from the king, who, when assured of the change in Mackintosh's views, yielded with the shrewd remark, "A man may be allowed to change his opinions, never his principles." On his return from India, where he performed good service to literature, he was elected into parliament and joined the Opposition, with Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders with whom he was ever after connected; holding office, however, also under the too brief administration of Mr. Canning, who had forgiven, if he had not forgotten, his painful vote against him on the Lisbon mission question. But politics furnish no lines for my sketches, and I only introduce so much of the public man, in order to serve as a back-ground to the traits of private portraiture.

Mackintosh was an indolent being. On his sofa in Cadogan Place he would repose in loose attire; take his quiet ride round Hyde Park, and then to the House, wherein he spoke seldom; but he made himself a name for ever by his movement for the reform of the criminal laws, and the admirable eloquence with which he supported it. When we reflect on the prodigal and disgusting waste of life which made almost every week a saturnalia in London, we cannot be too grateful to those who exerted themselves so zealously to free us from these degrading and depraving executions, when a Dr. Dodd and a burglar, and ten or more wretched men and women at one time, would make a morning show to excite a brutal mob.

But the most extraordinary endowment of Mackintosh was his prodigious memory. From the deepest reading in his library and most learned researches, to the merest temporary relaxations, even to the last new poem or novel when enjoying his sofa relief, he seemed to forget nothing. The classic and philosophical lessons of his youth, the comprehensive literary attainments of his riper years, and the cream of his later amusements, were all stored as in a museum of enormous extent and endless variety, and could be referred to and brought forth at pleasure. The charm of his conversation was

consequently unrivalled; it was like that of no other man I have ever known, or, I should say, that no man I have ever known could in this respect compare with him. Quote, for example, a remarkable line or expression in Dante: he would on the instant recall its prototype in a Greek or Roman author, its resemblance in Shakespeare, or Milton, or Schiller, or Racine, or Pope, or some obscure writer at home or abroad, of all ages and in all countries. The exhibition was wonderful. Porson alone, with reference especially to the poets of Greece and the thousand reflections of their thoughts and images, came in that measure into competition with the more general though less profound illustrative powers of Mackintosh. He was strongly formed, and looked like a Scot; and for any other countryman, when he opened his lips, he could not be mistaken. His "History of England" did not sustain his reputation; but his "Discourse on the Law of Nations and Nature," his political pamphlets, and his numerous contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," fully warrant the elevated station, for penetrating judgment, deep inquiry, and masterly reasoning, which contemporary admiration assigned to him with one accord.

THE DOGS OF CORNWALL.

BY A WESTMORELAND NATURALIST.

"OUR mountain sheep-dogs" have had a chapter to themselves,* and perhaps they will claim another at some future time; but our note-book has so many references to the dogs of the west, that it seems but fair they should have a little record of their own.

We are not going to debate that mysterious and wholly bewildering question, "What is Instinct?" and therefore no grave psychologist need be alarmed at the prospect of a vapouring rhapsody. Materials for argument, facts for philosophers, rudiments for reasoning, may perhaps be found in these desultory papers; while it is earnestly hoped that they will tend to the cultivation of a large-hearted sympathy in the interests of the brute-world, as well as a reverential admiration of the goodness and wisdom of the great Creator.

It is very entertaining to observe how thoroughly dogs sympathize in any great popular emotion—how ready they are to join in any novel excitement. There was one public-spirited dog in Cornwall who rejoiced exceedingly at the opening of poor Brunel's railway not long ago—that beautiful line which so triumphantly spans the subject valleys, binds hills together in unexpected fellowship, and refuses to be dismayed by little obtrusive inlets of the sea, or by the languid protest of the winding rivers. Small hamlets, which had previously slumbered on under the illusion that they were lost in the deep hush of country life, and were at liberty to take as long naps as they chose, were suddenly startled up into a flurry of excitement by that portentous voice, a railway whistle. The dog mentioned above had hitherto led a sober life, quietly going through the

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 357.

routine of his simple duties as a farmer's dog. But the opening of that wonderful railway completely turned his honest head. He could not bear to miss the sight of a single train. He would catch the sound of the whistle long before the ear of any one else was pierced by it; and, seizing the children of the family by the frock or the trowsers, he would actually drag them out to see too. Poor fellow! his passion for the startling novelties of progressive science cost him very dear. He had lost his head figuratively before—he lost it actually now; for, one evening when he had gone in the dark to watch the approach of the iron dragon's glaring eyes, and to hear its prodigious snort, the fancy took him to make a nearer inspection; and so, stepping forward, he stretched out his poor speculative head, and instantly it was whirled away. That dog was a public loss, for he represented the feeling of the whole Cornish community; only the community has kept its head—and a fine intelligent head it is.

Some of the Cornish dogs are capable of following a very noble and generous course of action. One day a little stranger dog presented himself to the late well-known "Blind Teacher" of Cornwall—a blind teacher of the blind, who visited his benighted brethren in their own homes, and taught them to read the Bible for themselves, by the aid of those precious raised characters which have guided so many dark minds to the light of life. Well, the little dog presented himself to the blind teacher, and insisted on remaining with him. The thing seemed providential, and so a compact was forthwith formed between man and dog, after the manner of a covenant, which was to last for life. The blind man tied a string around the neck of the other party to the contract, and he became his own little servant. Well and faithfully did he serve him. The first thing he had to do was to learn off the round of visits by heart; and such an earnest interest did he take in this part of his education, that after a while his master had but to tell him *where* he wished to call, and the dog led him to the right house. But he refused to obey any other teaching than that of his blind master. Master was a Wesleyan, and a very constant attendant at the chapel; and the dog had to be initiated into the fact that he occupied a different place on the Sabbath from that in which he sat on other days of the week. But his intelligence was equal to this rather severe test, and never did he fail to lead his master to the right place on the right day. At last the beloved master fell sick in the midst of one of his distant rounds in the western part of the county. There was a mansion where lived a Christian old lady, about half-way between eighty and ninety years of age, of whom the blind man could say, like some wayfarers of old, that she had often "courteously entreated and lodged" them. Oh, if he could but reach Burncoose, be laid up there, and there be nursed. "To Burncoose! yes; to Burncoose, my little dog." And to Burncoose they went. The blind teacher was soon settled into his comfortable chamber: but it proved to be the chamber of death. Of death? Nay; of life, and light, and glory everlasting; for there the scales fell from his eyes, and

"he beheld the King in his beauty, and saw the land that was very far off." And what became of the dog? The brother of "the man who had been blind, but who now saw," came and led away his little sorrowing guide, and comforted him concerning his master.

A story in painful contrast to the above here presents itself. A hard bad man, of most drunken habits, owned a very devoted dog, who could forgive all his master's roughness and love him still. On one occasion the man's road to his home led him across a common abounding with holes and pits, and now full of water. He was intoxicated, and, stumbling in his helpless folly, he fell into a pit. He would have been inevitably drowned had there not been aid at hand. That aid came from his poor loving dog, who eagerly set to work and dragged his degraded master out of the water. Soon after this deliverance, the tax which had previously been laid only on sporting dogs was equalized; and the ungrateful master, in order to save money for drink, actually destroyed his deliverer. But the story has a sequel, and a sorrowful one. Again did that man wander homeward at night, intoxicated; again did he fall into the water; and now, for want of the poor dog to drag him out, he was drowned.

Turn we to something brighter. There is an old gentleman trying to get up the fire in his office; but no, it will not burn. He blows and blows with the bellows; he stuffs in paper; but the paper only flares up and disappears, without imparting its short-lived animation to the torpid coals. His little pet dog watches, with head on one side, and mouth twisted now this way, now that—as much as to say, "No; you'll never succeed in *that* way, sir." At last, feeling the need of personal interference, the little fellow runs out of the room, and presently returns with a piece of wood in his mouth, which he holds up for master to put into the grate.

There was an enormous Newfoundland dog which belonged to a family residing in a lovely nest-like home called "Wood," beside a little creek on the south-west coast of Cornwall. He used to swim across the inlet every day to fetch the letters for the household. They were placed in a water-proof bag; and the fine fellow used to take a firm hold of this bag with his teeth, and plunge with it into the creek. It must have been a hard struggle sometimes to breast the united power of wind and tide; but the brave dog never faltered, and never would he give up his trust to other than the authorized hand.

When we ourselves resided in Cornwall, we owned a highly valued terrier, called "Tartar." He was a capital little fellow, with ludicrously short legs, with a long body, brown and close-haired, and a face of extraordinary intelligence. Tartar came originally from Pengreep, a stately old mansion, where ages and generations of rooks had discussed life in the glooms of their grand old trees; where one square pond pours its affluent waters into another square pond, and that other into a third, by small measured waterfalls, which hold them together—mere flights of black steps these

cataracts, adown which pours ever the well-trained current; and there the stately swans debate, within their snowy breast, whether the long hour of aristocratic leisure shall be spent on the upper waters, the middle, or the nether. Tartar came from this fine old Pengreep, as a bridal present to my father from the old squire who then owned the place. Faithful as he was to the house of his service, Tartar had still a keen eye to his own interests, especially at the dinner hour of each day. He vibrated between the three houses comprising the family circle, and determinately dined at the one where roast meat was in the ascendant. He evidently did not believe in boiler or crock: they were dark secrets, wholly unintelligible; but the spit was a reality—a good old English fact. On one occasion he had gone over to “the cottage” to dine, for the substantial reason above stated; but, from some cause unknown, he had lingered on, long after the plates and dishes were washed and put away. The tea-hour came and passed, and Tartar was still there. At length it was time to lock up. “Go home, Tartar.” No; he would not stir. “Tartar! go home directly.” Not he; and so firmly did he plant his little figure and make known his determination to spend the night there, that at last the family yielded the point, and he settled into a watchful repose. In the dead of the night Tartar roused up and began to bark warningly, then fiercely, then furiously. In the morning, when the servants opened the shutters, a pane of glass, which had been cut all round, fell into the room. Burglars had been there, and had nearly effected an entrance, but, deterred by the furious protest of the little self-elected guard, they had given up the attempt. Self-elected! Who shall say that Tartar had not unconsciously received his commission to protect the slumbering household?

There is another remarkable story of the same kind, which is equally well avouched. Most tourists into the West of Cornwall—and, depend upon it, the numbers of Cornish tourists will now rapidly increase under the guidance of poor Brunel’s railway—must have made a passing acquaintance with a remarkable hill, near Redruth, called Carn Brea. There are strange wierd-looking groups of rocks on the hill, seemingly Druidical in origin; and but small aid from imagination is asked in order to fill in the whole repulsive scenery of a Druid sacrifice. Little sprouts of oak saplings, doing their best to rise above the encumbering rocks of the hill-side, attest that life yet lingers in the roots of the Druidical groves. There is a little quaint castle-like building crowning the height, in which, some time since, resided a miner and his wife: perhaps they live there still, amid the hoary rocks, and scooped and channeled altars—faint outlines of an extinct idolatry. The miner’s toilsome work often kept him the greater part of the night from his castle home. One evening a very large dog, quite a stranger, and very formidable in his strength, came up the hill and made a sudden friendship with the miner’s wife. She was hospitable to him at first; but as night drew on she tried to send him away. Like Tartar, he firmly refused to go; and, after much debate with the huge dog, she was obliged to allow him to remain within doors.

Late at night, there was a sound heard at the door. She opened it, supposing her husband had returned earlier than usual. The strange dog instantly sprang out and grappled furiously with some person or persons in the darkness. There was a long and terrible conflict; but at last footsteps were heard in retreat, the huge protector quietly returned to her side, and the door was again fastened. But the poor lone woman was miserable from the fear lest, after all, it might have been her husband; and, lighting a lantern, she sallied forth into the darkness with the dog by her side. As they descended the hill she looked eagerly round, fancying she might come upon the prostrate figure of her miner, torn and perhaps lifeless. Just at the foot of Carn Brea she met the unconscious husband calmly returning after the close of his hours of subterranean labour. Ah, the joy of that meeting! The chivalrous protector, instead of springing on the figure thus encountered in the dark, gave him a tacit approval, and disappeared into the night. His wonderful mission was accomplished, and he went on his unknown way.

The writer, who is so old-fashioned as to believe in the happy doctrine of a particular Providence, has no hesitation in attributing this remarkable intervention to the good hand of God. That blind impulse which we agree to call “instinct,” is wholly insufficient to account for the appearance of the lone woman’s protector at the hour of need. She never could discover whence he came or whither he went. Surely he was providentially there; and so thinks the Cornish miner’s wife, who dwells amid the Druidical rocks of Carn Brea.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

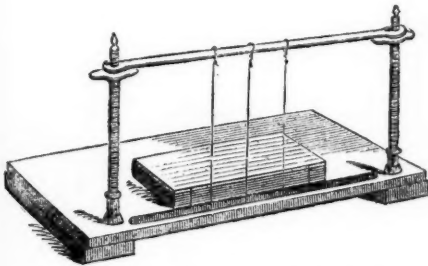
NO I.

It is most certain that many thousands of volumes are annually destroyed in this country for want of the timely services of the bookbinder; and it is likely that in this age of periodical literature, millions of the weekly and monthly numbers of serial works, which would be volumes were they duly bound together, are wasted during the same period, owing to the same cause. We design, therefore, under the above head, to impart such information to the possessors of unbound books and periodicals as may enable them, at little expense beyond that of their own time and labour, to prevent this loss, and to preserve their weekly and monthly gatherings in the shape of permanent volumes.

To bind a book well, certain tools are of course indispensable; but very few will go a good way; and it is a fact that a book may be put together very decently with the aid of no other tools than a shoemaker’s hammer and a glue-pot, with the addition of such implements as are usually to be met with in every household. For the convenience of all parties we shall describe both methods, commencing with that to be recommended as doing the most perfect justice to a book worth binding. Premising that we do not counsel any amateur to bind anything larger than a music-book, and advising all beginners to make their first

essays with something much smaller, we would suggest the purchase of the following tools, the whole of which may be had for a few pounds:—1. A sewing-press (Fig. A); 2. A cutting-press, the small music paper size (Fig. B); 3. Half-a-dozen pressing-boards, as large as the press will admit, and as many of octavo size; 4. As many cutting and backing boards, a bookbinder's hammer, folder, knife, small shears, saw, paste-bowl, a quire or two of demy or royal printing paper, a quire or two of marbled paper, and some leather and coloured cloths for covers.

Fig. A.



Suppose now, for the sake of illustration, that the amateur has a year's numbers of the "Leisure Hour"* to bind; he will set about the business in the following manner:—First, as it is desirable the book should be as thin as possible, and not have a bulgy, swollen appearance when finished, the sheets ought first to be compressed. The professional binder does this by beating the volume in sections with a fourteen-pound hammer—a tool which the amateur had better have nothing to do with, unless he wish to cut his books to pieces. Instead of that, let him divide the volume in half-a-dozen sections, and, placing one of his pressing-boards between each, screw them all together in the press as tight as he can, and leave them there for a night. After being pressed, the sections are taken from the boards; the book is then held between the extended fingers of each hand, and the back and head knocked up square and even; one side of the book is then laid upon a pressing-board, beyond which the back must project half-an-inch or so; a second pressing-board, of the same size, is placed on the upper side, parallel with the first, and the boards being firmly grasped with the left hand, the book is lowered into the cutting-press, which is screwed up tight, and three cuts, not quite the sixteenth of an inch in depth, are made with a saw in the back—one in the middle, and one at about two and a half inches distant on each side of it; two additional cuts are then made outside of the three, and distant about an inch and a half from them. These measurements would of course be different for a volume of different size, but the proportions will do for any volume.

The book is now taken to the sewing-press, where the operator suspends three cords from the

top rail, which are fastened underneath by means of brass keys, in a way which a sight of the instrument itself will suggest to the merest tyro; the cords may be shifted to any position, and being made to correspond with the three central cuts in the back of the book, they are tightened and kept in their place by means of the nuts and screws on the side pillars.

We may note, by the way, that a beginner desirous of saving expense, may manage without this sewing-press altogether. The writer made use for years of a substitute, which he manufactured himself in half-an-hour from half a yard of deal planking, by erecting a cross-rail on end rods, and using tin tacks instead of keys for attaching the cords.

The sewing is performed in the following manner:—First, a fly-leaf or end paper is laid on the press, and sewed to the cords by passing the needle into the first right-hand cord, or catch-stitch mark, with the right hand, the left hand, which is inserted in the middle of the section, receiving the needle and returning it outwards on the head side of the cord, where it is taken by the right hand and passed through again on the other side of the cord; thus with all three of the cords, until the needle is brought out at the last left-hand cord or catch-stitch groove, care being taken that the needle never penetrates the cord or twine. The thread is now drawn to the left gently, until only two inches or so are left undrawn, at the point where the needle first entered. The first sheet is then laid on, the title-page downwards, and sewn on in the same way, as the needle returns towards the head of the book; when the needle comes out at the catch-stitch mark over the end of thread left undrawn, the sewing thread is tied to that end in a firm knot. Thus all the sheets are sewn in succession, care being taken, on arriving at the catch-stitch, to fasten each sheet to its predecessor by passing the needle round the connecting thread. After he has sewed four or five sheets, the operator will find his thread exhausted, when he must join on a new length with such a knot as will not be likely to come undone. This process becomes very easy with a little practice, and ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will be ample time for finishing the sewing of a single volume. Several volumes may be sewn on one set of cords, but some attention is necessary that they be not sewn together, and that the cords be long enough for the subsequent purposes.

After sewing, the book is cut from the press, with about two inches of the cords protruding on each side. The back should now receive a coat of glue, and when that is dry, the ends of the cords are untwisted and scraped with a blunt knife till the fibres of the tow are well separated. Now is the time to insert ornamental end-papers, if any are desired; these may be either of marbled or coloured papers; the sheet is folded with the plain side outwards, one-half of it being pasted; it is then laid between the fly-leaves, with the fold of which it is closely worked; the other half is then pasted, and the outside fly-leaf rubbed down upon it. The back of the book has now to be rounded,

* Cloth cases or covers for the volumes of "The Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," (price 1s. 2d.) and most other periodicals, may be procured from the publishers, which will greatly facilitate the operations of the amateur bookbinder.

which is done by laying the volume with the fore-edge towards the operator, who, pressing the fingers of his left hand upon it, gently taps the back up and down with a hammer, changing the sides alternately until the back is beaten into a shape somewhat circular. The book is now placed between two backing-boards, the thick edges of which are ranged parallel with each other, within about the eighth of an inch of the back. The boards and book being tightly grasped with the left hand, are lowered into the cutting-press, until the boards are flush with the cheek of the press, which is then screwed as tight as possible. The back is then hammered gently and uniformly up and down each side, and a little in the middle, which causes it to spread over the boards so as to form the required projection. The book, thus backed, is now ready for the covers, which are of mill-board, and, being cut to the required size, either with shears or in the cutting-press, are pierced with holes pricked with a bodkin, two at each cord, one about half an inch from the edge, and the second as much beyond it. The frayed cords are then sodden with paste, drawn through the outer side of the board or cover, and then passed through the other hole to the outer side again. The book is then held in the left hand, while, with the right, the pasted cords are hammered on a smooth piece of iron (a flat-iron screwed into the press will do) into the substance of the mill-board covers. It should now be left to dry.

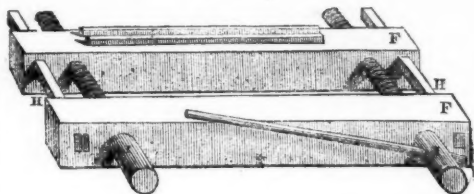
The next step is that of cutting the edges, which is rather a difficult process, and one which the amateur may omit with his first experiments in binding. Holding the book in the left hand, with the fore-edge upwards, the operator allows the covers to hang down on each side, and thrusts a paper-knife or a flat piece of metal between them and the back of the book. Then placing a cutting-board on each side, and opening the covers horizontally, he beats the back of the book against the press until it is perfectly flattened. A wedge-shaped cutting-board is then placed on the left-hand side of the book, so as to stand with its thick edge considerably higher than the course the knife will take; another board is then placed on the right side, exactly on the line which the knife is to follow, and which line must be previously marked with the point of a pair of compasses, and so measured that the edge when ploughed may fall about the sixth of an inch within the projection of the covers. When the boards are thus placed, the paper-knife or flat piece of metal is withdrawn, the covers allowed to hang down, and the volume is thus carefully lowered into the cutting-press, until the right-hand board is flush with the cheek, when the press must be screwed tight.*

As we are now about putting the cutting-press to its legitimate use, we will take a glance at that instrument before we proceed further. It is represented by the annexed figure.

It is seen to consist of two wooden cheeks, FF,

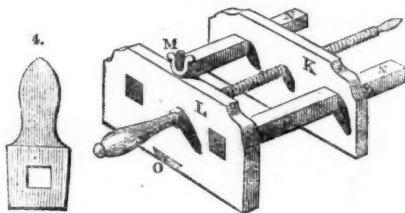
connected by two sliding bars, HH, and two wooden screws, II. Upon one of the cheeks are

Fig. B.



two guides, or small raised rails, for the plough to work in.

Fig. B 2.



This, which is the cutting instrument, consists of two sides, K, L, connected by a screw with a handle, and by two slide bars, NN. A knife, 4, is fastened to the under side of cheek L by a strong bolt which perforates the cheek perpendicularly, and also the circumference of the lateral screw, and is kept tightly in its place by screwing down the nut M. The knife is worked by grasping both ends of the lateral screw, moving the plough backwards and forwards, and gradually turning the screw with the right hand, until the whole of the fore-edge is cut through.

The book is now taken out of the press, the covers folded in their place, and the back rounded as before, when the front edge, if the cutting is well done, will be elegantly concave, corresponding with the convexity of the back. The boards, being kept in the ledge or projection produced by backing, are now pulled down some eighth of an inch from their central position, and the head is ploughed by the knife in the same way as the fore-edge. Before ploughing the opposite end, the boards are pulled below the head as much again as it is intended they shall project; and this end also being ploughed, it will be seen, if the whole has been well done, that the projection of the covers is equal on the three sides, or, better still, that it is a little in excess on the fore-edge. The first lesson in bookbinding may end here.

LEBANON AND THE DRUSES.

WE have hardly a breath of air down here at Beyrout; and although the mountains behind us are snow-capped, and the blue calm Mediterranean looks cool, it is June! The breezes have deserted us; fever and sickness have taken up their abode in many of the narrower thoroughfares of this

* The cutting-press stands on a hollow frame some three feet in depth, which allows of large books being partially lowered into it, and also receives the paper shavings as they are ploughed off.

ancient town. Then it is that gasping Europeans fly to Lebanon. Delicate ladies and children, merchants, consuls, strangers, all flee the plains as they would a pestilence. And they do right; for even now, when medical theory had fondly supposed that the "pest" was a thing that *had been*, or had given place to the little less dreadful cholera, tidings reach us that two undoubted cases of that scourge have happened at Beyrout. If we had no other motives, this alone would induce us to flee to the mountains; and Hadji Mahomed, the muleteer, has provided us with the necessary cattle for the flight.

Preparations of this sort entail an immense amount of anxiety and trouble upon families. It is not as if we were casual travellers, encumbered only with a portmanteau and hat-box; we have the whole household, children and servants included, to care for. Brokers' or linendrapers' shops there are none in Lebanon; and although the fertility of the soil and the industry of the people will yield us vegetables, fruit, milk, poultry, and meat, there are little dainties (such as chocolate or bottled beer for ourselves, arrowroot or sago for the children) which all the princes of Lebanon combined could not afford us. It is for this reason that my amiable and excellent hostess, who verges nigh upon seventy, and is a native of the country, dressed in Arab costume, is so exceedingly perplexed amongst the multifarious packages and baskets. It is therefore that she drops one slipper at the top of the staircase, and, coming back to look for it, loses its yellow companion over the balustrades, and, in the excitement occasioned by such mishaps, makes the poor Arab servant nearly crazy by her contradictory instructions. After the slippers had been recovered, and a lost ham found in a bandbox, my dear old landlady would bind about twenty yards of muslin round her head, and indulge in a narghilee and a cup of coffee. Then came the start. That was a tremendous job; and when we fairly got into the street, and found the mules all loaded, nothing would satisfy the old lady but seeing that every parcel was in its place. Then came a conference with the mucro (muleteer) about the capabilities, vices, or virtues of the animals. And (really it was very annoying) just as we got to the bottom of the street, the old lady remembered that the cat had been locked up in a closet. By this time the sun had become almost unbearable. *Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via*—It is never too late to mend. I have painful recollections that my Eton Grammar contained that passage. I have also a slight recollection that such was the exclamation of a lamentably poverty-stricken Irishman, as he patched up some old garment. I am positive that it can never be too late to get through the streets of Beyrout, out into the plains. We pass the dreadfully narrow and old tumble-down streets (many of them roofed over), and the disgustingly noxious atmosphere from some of the romantically oriental shops, where dead flies constitute a prevailing feature. Through, however, we get; past the grand hummum (bath), which is the resort of every stranger; out of the city gates, where soldiers in shirt sleeves play

at dominoes; out upon the horrid wilderness of fine sand, hedged in with prickly-pear, where, at this hour of the day, the refraction is painfully intense; past military barracks, where military aspirants are practising sword exercise in the shade, and juvenile musicians are practising fifes to one monotonous tooty-i-tooty-too, accompanied by industrious young drummers, who have deal tables to perform upon; past exceedingly dilapidated taverns, with Greeks in huge white trowsers and gaily-decorated jackets, sitting under the shade and gambling from sunrise till night-close. So we travel along, twenty miles at least; maidservants and menservants, mostly buried in a mountain of bedding material, and many of the former carrying children; some, not so fortunate, bestriding animals laden with cooking utensils, which rock to and fro to the music of their own clatter, and are exceedingly grievous to the ankles of the men that bestride them. Now and then a mirthsomenly-inclined mule, exceedingly pestered with flies, thinks that a roll in the hot sand might be beneficial. The rider is of a contrary opinion; but the mule has the best of it, and some of the panniers contain the very choicest delicacies, mostly of a fragile nature. The old lady is in paroxysms of despair. So we pass on, and come into a pleasant shady wood; next the Nahr il Kelb; and then the foot of the mountains. We ascend, and as we advance we leave the dreary hot plains behind us.

The first object that attracts our attention after leaving the Dog River (ancient Lycus) are the remarkable carvings upon the smooth rocks to our right-hand side—the arrow-headed characters of Assyria, with figures of the Satrap, who, 2572 years ago, carried irresistible arms and conquest into Egypt and Ethiopia. Sennacherib was more proud to display his banners on the summits of Mount Lebanon than he was even of the conquest of Jerusalem. And to this day his name and exploits stare at us with pristine freshness from the living granite, whilst perhaps the whole surface of the country around has been changed by violent revolutions of nature. So we go on mounting up higher and higher, and every fresh turning in the mountain discloses some new and picturesque spot. Ever and anon, too, we encounter Druse families journeying downwards towards the markets of Beyrout, their mules laden with the delicious fruits that grow so luxuriant here. Here and there, also, are Druse ladies, with the preposterous horns on their heads which so much remind one of hippopotami. Indeed, if a Druse lady was very spitefully disposed, and charged one ram-fashion, the results might be alarming. Sometimes, also, we see industrious Maronites tugging away in their efforts to transport huge logs of wood which they have felled, to meet the requisitions of builders down at Beyrout. Now and then a log gets hopelessly jammed across the road, and into the rocky crevices on either side; then the caravan comes to a stand-still, and the muleteer and his men, and all the servants, assail the offending timber—assail it with great and mighty threats, demanding what right it has to stop the sultan's thoroughfare, and declare that its ancestors must have been pigs.

Meanwhile the old lady, who has been slaking her thirst with grapes, astonishes a gaping Maronite peasant, who is, after all, incredulous, by telling him that she paid five-and-twenty piastres for a bunch of grapes in London. The old lady was in London some thirty years ago, and to this moment bewails the amount of money spent in that city.

But what shall I say of the magnificent panorama that bursts upon us when, after an hour's hard toil, we reach an elevated plateau, whence the country for miles around is discernible? What poet's imagination could form the shadow of the substance before us? Far as the eye can reach there are the silvery calm waters of the Mediterranean, undulating in little blue curves here and there where some stray zephyr has lost herself. Further, under the scarlet sky of Asia Minor is cool-looking Taurus, always encased in snow. Nearer is one vast extent of vegetation; plains upon plains of emerald, shadowed with clusters of fig-trees, wide-spreading apricots, apples, peaches, and a dense profusion of mulberries. Rising up from behind these, a little clear white thread of smoke indicates that the invisible planter in his invisible house is having something cooked for breakfast—a wise precaution, which we forthwith adopt by alighting at the nearest fountain; where there is a pleasant shade of trees; where fires are lit in little holes scraped out of the earth; where fowls are fluttering one minute, and are in the stewing-pan the next; and where a hospitable Druse treats us to a delicious basket of figs.

It is said that the cedars extended once over 3600 acres; they are now almost extinct, and we have to procure a guide from the Maronite village of Bescharry when we wish to visit the small remaining vestige of these patriarchs of Lebanon; and even these would have been carried off piece-meal by travellers had not a small chapel been erected on the spot, where an old priest exhorts strangers to resist from damaging the sacred trees. The ascent from the cedars is amidst perpetual snow, but the summit once reached affords a prospect well worthy of the trouble. Mountain on mountain, gorge upon gorge, crowd upon us. Down those rugged declivities the myriads of Sennacherib rushed in tumultuous array flushed with spoil and victory. Through that defile went the Grecian phalanx, laden with the spoils of Issus and exulting in the promised spoils of Tyre. Through those passes the Crusader chiefs led their deluded hosts. There is Sidon, and there Tyre—the one the birthplace of letters and navigation, the other queen of ocean's earliest commerce. Yonder azure mountains, which blend so softly with the ethereal skies around them, inclose the scenes of His career whose weapons were the words of peace.

The Druses are divided into two classes, the Okals and the Jakals—the learned and the ignorant. Their antiquity is very great, being of Arab extraction, and the exact period when the Arabs entered Lebanon is proved by records still in the possession of some of the nobler families. A finer race of people it is difficult to encounter: fearless, courageous, hospitable, true to their word, and of a happy, blithesome disposition, they follow up many

clannish principles which liken them not a little to the ancient Scots. Amidst the deadly feuds that rage between them and the Maronites (as is unfortunately the case just now) their beacon fires are lit from hill to hill, and their war-cry thrills upon the cold bleak winter's night. And they are terrible as foes, because they fight for liberty and home, for wife and child; death is preferred by them to the loss of any of these.

The emir Beschir was the chief at whose hospitable and magnificent palace we rusticated during the summer. Such an invasion in any other country would have been indeed unwarrantable even amongst the best of friends. Here our retinue of twenty was but a cipher. Day after day whole clans arrived to visit the emir; and not only they, but their horses, were well cared for. In fact, whole sheep were slaughtered daily to meet the hungry wants of the retinue and hangers-on, and the greatest insult we could have offered would have been to have purchased food. The prince, who had known the old lady for many years, was exceedingly attached to the English. He was positive that the Scotch professed the same religion as the Druses, and would converse for hours on the subject. It was one of this family that, during the recent mutiny in India, tendered one thousand men and his services to help to quell it. There can be few more magnificent spectacles than the re-union of these mountain clans at the sheikhs' and emirs' houses. Their well-caparisoned horses, their exceedingly picturesque costumes, the cloudless sky and clear sunshiny weather, all contribute to render such scenes almost classical; the more especially when these knights of chivalry ride forth to break a harmless lance at their much-loved sport, the meidan, or mock tournament.

On the summits of hoary Lebanon, amidst a scenery and a climate unrivalled, amidst a people brave and hospitable, we soon accustomed ourselves to the rough up-hill and down-dale work necessary for the shortest visit; so much so that, flinging the reins over the mule's neck, I have travelled miles, deep in some work of interest, and the sure-footed animal carried me safely along. Curious was it, in the midst of this oriental scene, to witness us of an afternoon sitting out in the magnificent court-yard and drinking tea, to the uncontrollable surprise of spectators; still more curious as evening closed in, and the chirrup of a thousand crickets rang through the solitude, to sit and listen to the old gentleman, mine excellent host, (who very wisely absconded when packing operations were going forward,) reading aloud from some new work of interest received by the last steamer. To see this fine old octogenarian gazing mildly upon his faithful old Arab partner, and expostulating as he removed his spectacles against continued interruption, was a sight never to be forgotten. There are painful passages in the book which affect the old lady terribly, and she cannot help exclaiming, "Oh, B—, B—, why did they let him do it?" "Woman, did I make the book?" is the old man's quiet rejoinder. And so the bright clusters in heaven shine out upon the snow-clad summits, and we live and pass the summer upon Mount Lebanon.